

FAMOUS GROUND

The Camps of Custer, Bayhorse and Bonanza.

ILLIONS OF GOLD

Taken Out of the Ground—Tim Cooper Shoots a Sheep and Discovers the Ramshorn Mine, Which He Sold For a Suit of Clothes and Five Bottles of Whisky—The Horn Silver Mine—Sad Fate of Its Owner, Etc.

It is a fact not generally known to the outside world that some sixty miles to the southeast of Thunder Mountain, lies one of the richest treasure fields of the West, a field which by competent authority has already produced \$50,000,000 within a radius of 100 miles. This is the great mountainous country tributary to the upper portion of the Salmon River and comprising the western portions of Custer and Lemhi counties, including the old famous camps of Custer, Bayhorse and Bonanza. Despite its riches this has remained one of the most isolated portions of the West, especially in the matter of transportation, a land where the primitive stage coach and freight team still thrive. Yet this country has a history which, though little known, would read like romance if but fully written.

It was in the latter seventies, or little more than a score of years ago, that men first thronged these mountains and in quest for gold drove out the red-skinned savages and founded settlements, though at earlier periods there had been some placer mining, and Robinson Bar, Stanley Basin, Leon Creek and Jordan Creek ultimately yielded millions of the yellow metal in the form of placer, and old-timers still recall memories of the immense nuggets.

It was in the memorable season of 1878 that a party of prospectors wended their way up the Salmon River, met a lone prospector mounted upon a bay horse, and making his exit down the canyon. He informed them he had struck a good prospect above, but had been run out by Indians, barely escaping with his scalp. For it was then that the "Sheepstealer" Indians were on the warpath, had massacred some whites and given battle on the Big Lost River. However, the newcomers went to the locality in question, found it cropping with rich ore and named it "Bayhorse" in honor of its discoverer, whose name was not known and who never returned.

Bayhorse had a boom and at one time boasted of fifteen saloons. The mines yielded millions of dollars, mostly in silver, but passed early into the hands of capitalists, who have held for a raise in the white metal.

Notable among the first discoveries of Bayhorse that was made by Tim Cooper, an old-timer, who one day in 1878 shot a mountain sheep that fell dead upon the outcropping of a ledge which he sold for \$50, a suit of clothes and five bottles of whisky. This was the famous "Ramshorn" mine, which has produced millions, and is to-day a veritable treasury of silver.

But meanwhile, ascending the Salmon River some forty miles to what is known as the Yankee Fork, the early prospectors found fabulous outcroppings of free gold ore, and founded the camps of Bonanza and Custer. The battle of the Big Horn in Montana was then fresh in the memories of the men, and it was in honor of Custer, the fallen hero, that Custer camp and afterward Custer county was named.

The "General Custer" claim, discovered and located in 1876 by Dodge, Baxter and McKim, was so rich in free gold that many thousands of dollars were obtained even by crudest methods, and it was finally sold for \$250,000 to a company which has since taken \$1,000,000 from it and the adjoining claim known as the Lucky Boy, where 75 men work constantly and a mill of 25 stamps thunders night and day, with no prospects of ceasing for lack of ore.

Above on the property of the Hartford Mining Company is a 10-stamp mill of 30 tons capacity, supplied constantly by a force of some 35 men at work in the old McFadden mine on the easterly slope of Estes Mountain. It was from this mountain that the ores aflame with free gold were carried down by pack mule in the early days. On the westerly slope is the Montana, first owned by Falkner, Hooper, Cameron, Varney and Franklin, and said to have yielded \$1,000 per foot for a depth of 73 feet in the prospect shaft, with nearly \$100,000 from the first shipment of 90 tons. But dwindling of the pay streak and differences of the partners have kept the Montana idle to the present day.

It was also in the eventful year of 1876 that William Norton, an old-time prospector, made his discovery and location known as the Charles Dickens, near which afterward arose the boom town of Bonanza. For years Norton had been going in debt for grub, but from his new find he in a few days knocked out \$7,000 with a hand mortar, promptly paid his store bill of \$5,000 and gave to the merchant, Frederick Phillips, of Salmon City, a third interest for having befriended him. Norton was a gentleman of the old school and went on protracted celebrations between the successive rich clean-ups from the arasta on his claim. He would stake all the gamblers in a camp and then join them at cards. He finally died while on a protracted spree in Salt Lake City, leaving to parties in that place a deed to his mine, which was contested until recently, when a compromise was effected, and the famous Charles Dickens claim is expected to again become a producer.

Meanwhile the town of Bonanza in most part became the abandoned habitation of bats and owls, though once it was rife with revelry and proud as Babylon. It had been an aspirant for the county seat, and in the bitterness of the contest refused to bury its dead in the same graveyard as did Custer, its neighboring rival, which in consequence voted for Challis and, in 1881, five years from the date of founding, that town became the county seat of the then newly organized county of Custer. On the hillside by Bonanza sleeps one who was known as Lizzie King, a courtesan of rare beauty, who cast her lot in the mining camps of those early days and was buried there some twenty years ago.

Oh, deep pathos and intermingling comedy of life and death. Truth is said to be stranger than fiction. In the palmy pioneer days there were men who would barter their last shirt for booze and then under stress of circumstances would go out and strike bonanzas.

Many an old-timer of this locality remembers the romance of Frank Martin, an early prospector, who for a long time played in hard luck, was characterized as "honey"

and finally driven from the premises by a woman for whom he had failed to provide firewood. He obtained a bottle of whisky and started for the town of Hailey, but becoming weary he sat down on some rocks by the wayside to contemplate the scenery and relieve the bottle of a portion of its contents. While thus engaged he discovered that the rocks on which he sat were almost pure "horn" silver. He procured a wagon and had them hauled to Hailey, where with a few further shipments, they netted him a fortune of \$50,000.

One day while partially intoxicated he sold the Horn Silver Mine for \$60,000. He made the town of Hailey a wonder and a terror to tenderfeet. While filled with "bug juice" he dragged a sack of \$20 gold pieces down the sidewalk, flourishing a six-shooter and inviting the tenderfeet to dance for him. Unduly protracting his spree, he woke up one morning and found himself married, or in close proximity with a female companion, and upon asking what the damages were he was informed he had been joined in the bonds of wedlock the night before. He was not the man to go back on bargains made when drunk, so he retained the lady as his lawful spouse, although he did not "live happy ever after," for she fled him of his thousands and he finally died "of a broken heart" in Baker City, Ore. The Horn Silver mine, it is well known, is near the town of Arco. The company that bought it never cleaned a cent out of it and its mill of twenty stamps stands to-day a silent testimonial of a reality that seems like a dream.

As said before this country has a history, but so far as concerns thorough prospecting and development of resources it is in its infancy, affording almost the fascination of the new field. Standing upon the summit of Mt. Estes, 10,000 feet above sea level, the writer recently gazed out over the grand expanse of mountainous country that comprises Central Idaho and felt convinced that men could not thus far have played such vastness. In every direction the eye can turn are mountains towered on mountains with their great shrouds of snow, gray cliffs and gnarly trees and occasional red crags of porphyry. A blue black storm was brewing over the west in the Sawtooth range, while cold and white in the distance beyond loomed the promised land of Thunder Mountain. Summer will soon transform this scene into a prospector's paradise and who can say how wonderful may be its future history?

LOCKED UP IN HIS SAFE.

New York Banker Has a System Which He and His Friends Assert Will Beat Monte Carlo.

One of the recreations of a well-known New York banker, who has no need to "break the bank" at Monte Carlo to provide funds for himself, is to play imaginary roulette on a complicated system of his own invention. Although a yearly visitor at Monte Carlo, he has never staked a sou on the spin of the ball at the Casino. Back in his college days he was an honor man in mathematics, and he still delights in odd computations that have no connection with dividends and money rates. One day last spring at Monte Carlo he amused himself by making a "graphic chart" of the "rouge et noir" croupier for 500 consecutive rolls. Governed by the immutable laws of chance, the zigzag line, tracing the variations from one color to another, appeared to have certain sub-signals of similar outline occurring at irregular intervals.

Taking the daily record sheets of the roulette wheels the New York banker plotted more charts, all of which showed the same characteristic zigzags, with "high levels," "low levels," "criss-crosses," "runs" and "shutes," and other peculiarities, for which the mathematical American has an elaborate nomenclature.

Coming back to New York he privately engaged, in another part of the office building in which is his banking house, a small room, which he fitted up as a miniature Monte Carlo. Six young women spent three weeks there spinning the roulette wheels and making charts of the fall of the balls. These charts represent the equivalent of a year's play at one of the tables at Monte Carlo. The banker keeps them in a safe-deposit box marked "strictly private," the wheels he has destroyed. These charts, too, have the same easily recognized zigzags. From the study of them the New Yorker has evolved a "graphic system" of "beating the bank," which has met with marvelous success, although the major part of the winnings has been made in imaginary play. At odd moments he and several club friends played the charts. Starting with a capital of \$1,000 they won a small sum every "day" and at the end of the "year" had won \$250,000 without plunging. Had they given a larger increment to their wagers they would have "broken the bank." They are all satisfied that the chart system is based upon good mathematics and will "beat the bank."

While he was at the Carlton, in London, the banker met a Dutch diplomatic officer on his way to America, to whom he gave the results of his observations at the tables at Monte Carlo. The nobleman from Amsterdam, who is greatly respected among the baccarat players of Paris, had just had some very costly lessons in American poker with his New York friends. He was delighted with the mathematical beauties of the "graphic system" and offered to furnish a capital of \$10,000 if the banker would go with him to Monte Carlo and instruct him how to make his wagers. The American, of course, declined, but he gave the Dutch official enough of an outline of the method of play so that when he made a recent visit to America he spent several profitable nights in a well-known gambling house near Fifth avenue. The first night he won \$250, the second \$400, the third \$1,200 and the fourth \$570. The one fault he found with the system was that the winnings were made at the expense of brain tissue. He said he would not attempt to follow it longer. Meanwhile the secret of the "graphic system" of "beating the bank" at Monte Carlo lies in a safe deposit box in Broad street, and the man who has the key refuses to indulge in public gambling.

Teacher (in mineralogy class)—Johnny, give me the name of the largest known diamond.

Johnny—The ace.

A countryman wandering about a churchyard came upon a stone having the inscription, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

"What does it mean?" he asked of the sexton, who had been explaining the inscriptions to him.

The sexton peered toward it, and not wishing to show any ignorance, replied: "Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning."

THE CONNACKER

Caught by a Little Woman's Curiosity and Intelligence

SETS HER ON HER FEET.

Does the Reward She Received for Discovering the Counterfeiting Layout—The Quiet Young Man Instead of Spooks Made the Noise Through the Tube.

That it pays to investigate "spooks" was proved by the little woman who told how she got her start in life. "It was when I was living down on Fourteenth street several years ago," she said. "I was squeezing through an exceedingly small allowance in those days, and a hall bedroom, with about two meals and a half a day, was the best I could do for myself. My narrow berth in the Fourteenth street house was a third-floor rear room. Next to it was a double room, which had probably been intended originally as a sitting room of a suite of which my cubby hole was the sleeping apartment, for there was a connecting door, thus affording private passage through the whole rear of that floor.

"At the time I took possession of the hall room, however, this door was securely fastened with locks and bolts and hooks, and, with the exception of sound, which was plainly distinguishable through the thin partition, I had no means of discovering the identity and habits of my neighbors. It was late in the day when I moved into my new quarters. Immediately after dinner I went up to my room and unpacked my trunk and then, about 9 o'clock, I sat down to read. Up to that time there had been absolute silence in the adjoining room, but no sooner had I taken up my book than I heard the chink of coin as if some one were counting money. This noise continued for fully 15 minutes, and throughout that time it was as regular in its recurrence as if the money was held in a mechanical contrivance which was so constructed as to drop one coin upon another only at stated intervals. The coins appeared to be all of one size, and from the sound I judged them to be dollars, which, being heavier, have a different ring from the smaller denominations.

"So distinct was this clinking noise that I fancied the busy financier must be sitting quite near the door, and straightway I began to wonder what business he could be in that he found it necessary to act as his own banker and to handle so many silver dollars, which my own experience had taught me were rather a rare commodity in New York. Presently the monotonous counting ceased and there was a grand finale of clashing metal as if the entire amount had been brushed off into a box or other receptacle at one big sweep. My curiosity had been aroused, and I listened for several minutes for other sounds; but thereafter not a word, not a footfall or movement of any kind disturbed the dead stillness of the big room.

"The next night this performance was repeated. Again, about 9 o'clock, my neighbor began to count his money; again there was the clink of falling coins; again the final jingling as the whole sum was jumbled together, and again dead silence. For a week this bit of play behind the scenes was enacted nightly. By that time I was pretty thoroughly mystified. To my mind there was something uncanny in the whole proceeding, and I determined to try to learn the history of my well-to-do neighbors. To that end I detained the chambermaid on some trifling pretext when she came in with the towels one evening and presently I said carelessly:

"It's very quiet in this part of the house. My neighbors must be deaf and dumb. I never hear a word out of them. They are as still as death."

"The girl looked at me wonderingly. 'Your neighbors?' she said.

"'Yes,' said I, 'those folks in there,' and I pointed to the bolted door.

"The girl laughed. 'La, bless you, Miss,' she said, 'the ain't nobody in that room. The ain't nobody in it since last August. Miss' Kenny says that room's a regular hoo-doo to 'er. It's the only one about the house that's empty.'

"I tried to reply with an answering laugh, but my voice rang mirthless, for I was really frightened. When the girl had gone I went out and tried the handle of the double room. It was locked, but the key was in the door, and I turned it and stepped inside. The room was comfortably furnished, but in spite of laudable attempts at decoration it had the cheerless look and musty smell peculiar to an unoccupied apartment. It was then almost dark, and I lighted the gas before going down to dinner, for I had fully made up my mind to spend the evening in the big room and find out who it was that counted so much money night after night.

"The evening passed slowly, but 9 o'clock finally came, and a few minutes later the eternal clinking of silver dollars began. I had pushed my chair close up in the corner, where I could obtain a view of the room, and when I had assured myself beyond doubt that there was not a soul present except myself I actually grew stiff with terror. In a few seconds I regained my senses, however, and then I noticed a very peculiar thing. The noise made by the coins was more distinct than in my own room, and I found that as a rule this regular tapping had a dull sound instead of the sharp ring characteristic of a good silver dollar. Poor as I then was, I had handled a great deal of money in my time, and I was convinced that the invisible financier was stocking his coffers with counterfeit money. That reassured me to a certain extent, for, limited as was my knowledge of spirits, I couldn't bring myself to believe that a self-respecting ghost would deal in spurious coins. Accordingly I set out to explain the mystery from a material hypothesis. I examined the room thoroughly, and over by the door leading into my room I saw the mouthpiece of a tube which I at first believed led to the servants' quarters downstairs, but which proved, upon investigation, to connect with the room above.

"After listening at this tube for several nights I confided my suspicions to a detective, who at once set a watch over the fourth story rear room. My surmise as to the character of its occupant had been correct from start to finish. He was the distributor for a gang of counterfeiters, and when he was finally taken he had in his possession several hundred dollars in counterfeit coins. He was a very genteel-looking man, and had evidently taught himself safe from observation in that quiet house,

as he undoubtedly would have been had it not been for the proximity of that treacherous tube, which had been built in the wall by a couple of experimenters and inventors who had previously occupied the house. For test purposes this tube had been lined with material that was particularly sensitive to metallic sounds. The distributor, being unaware of this peculiarity of the hole in the wall, sat calmly beside it while counting out his day's spoils, blissfully oblivious to the fact that the results of his labor were being communicated with wonderful distinctness to the room below. A reward had been offered for the arrest of the man and his accomplices, and when my part in the capture was made known I received a neat little sum of money, which set me on my feet in good shape."

WASHINGTON DIRECTORY.

Standing Information for Visitors and Residents Alike, Divisions, Streets, Parks, and Noted Show Places.

Special Information.

The Capitol—Open 9 a. m. Guides to be found in Rotunda.
Corcoran Art Gallery—Open 10 to 4. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday free days.

War, Navy, and State Department—Open 9 to 2. In the Library of the State Department may be seen original Declaration of Independence.

Executive Mansion—Open 10 to 2. The President receives Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m. sharp. Treasury Department—Open 9 to 2. Visitors to vaults 11 to 12 and 1 to 2.

Bureau Engraving and Printing—Open from 9:30 to 12:30 and 1 to 2.

Washington Monument—Open to visitors every week-day. Elevator runs from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m.

Agricultural Department—Open 9 to 2. Smithsonian Institute—National Museum—Open 9:30 to 4:30.

The Government Botanical Gardens—Open 9 to 5.
Patent Office—Open 9 to 2.
Pension Building—Open 9 to 2.

Navy Yard—Open 8 to 4:30.
Marine Barracks—Concerts by the Marine Band every Monday at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Guard Mount daily at 9 a. m.

Prominent Drives—Soldiers' Home, Arlington Heights, Woodley Park, Zoological Gardens and Naval Observatory. Carriages may be ordered at Hotel offices.

Mt. Vernon—Boat leaves wharf, foot of Seventh street, on the half hour; electric cars on the hour from 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Government Printing Office—North Capitol and H streets.

The Library—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Historical and Show Places of the City.

Treasury Department, Church where President Hayes attended.

Former site of the historic Colonial Hotel.

U. S. Geological Survey.

Ford's Theater (where Lincoln was assassinated).

House in which President Lincoln died.

Alley through which Booth escaped after assassinating Lincoln.

Building in which Admiral Schley was made a Mason in an extraordinary manner.

Interior Department.

Patent Office.

General Land Office.

Pension Office.

Judiciary Square.

City Hall Park.

Former worshipping place of Daniel Webster.

District Police Court.

Daniel Webster's old law office.

Washington Monument.

Hancock Statue.

Church attended by President McKinley.

Church attended by President Grant and General Logan.

One of the famous church spires of the world.

Room in which Henry Clay died.

National Hotel.

Metropolitan M. E. Church.

U. S. Mail Bag Repair Shop.

Stable from which Booth hired his horse the night he assassinated Lincoln.

District Building.

Room in which assassin Guiteau was tried and convicted.

Lot Flannery Monument of Lincoln.

Church attended by President Cleveland.

DeWitt Talmage's old church.

Statue of Albert Pike.

Building in which an Abolition Club was mobbed.

Census Office.

House built by General Washington.

Senate Stables.

Capitol.

Capitol Grounds.

Greenough's statue of General Washington.

Congressional Library.

Lincoln Park.

Lincoln and Slave Statue.

District Jail.

Former home of Fred Douglass.

Place of Guiteau's execution.

Agricultural Department.
Hot-house in which the seedless oranges were developed.
Post-office.
Smithsonian Institute.
National Museum.
Lee Mansion.
Old Long Bridge.
Reclaimed Flats.
St. John's Old German Lutheran Church.
Garfield Statue.
U. S. Fish Commission.
Army Medical Museum.
The Botanical Gardens.
Chinatown.
Room in which President Garfield was shot.
Window through which Guiteau watched for the approach of President Garfield.
Center Market.
Former home of Henry Clay.
Site of former home of Aaron Burr.
National Rifles Armory.
District National Guard Headquarters.

General Rawlings Statue.
Haymarket.
Peace Monument.
Dead Letter Office.
U. S. Civil Service Commission.
St. Patrick's Church.
St. Vincent's Asylum.
Building in which Pan American Congress met.
Building in which Venezuelan Commission was organized.
Office of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners.
New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.
George H. Thomas' Statue.
Home of Columbia Athletic Club.
Church from which Phil Sheridan was buried.
Chamberlain's.
McPherson's Statue.
St. Matthew's Church.
Hotel built by Levi P. Morton while Vice-President.

Home of Thomas B. Reed while Speaker of the House of Representatives.
Charles Sumner's former residence.
Sir Henry Bulwer's former residence.
Owen Meredith's residence when he wrote "Lullaby."

St. John's Church.
General Scott's Statue.
Secretary of State John Hay's residence.
Former home of Daniel Webster.
Building in which Ashburton Treaty was discussed and concluded.

W. W. Corcoran's former home.
Army and Navy Club.
George Bancroft's former home.
Farragut Statue and Square.
Mrs. Washington McLean's home.
Academy of the Visitation.
Admiral Dewey's Home.

Church of the Covenant.
Church from which General Lawton and James G. Blaine were buried.
Dapout Circle.
Stewart Castle.
Dapout Statue.
Blaine Mansion.
West End Market.
Rock Creek.

Stream where Robert Fulton tested his steamship.
House where Lafayette visited.
Site of houses occupied by President Diaz of Mexico; Adeline Patti, Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and Wm. Henry Harrison.
Musket-barrel Fence.

House given to Daniel Webster by his American admirers.
Headquarters of Spanish Treaty Claims Commission.
Naval Observatory.
Chapel and entrance to Oak Hill Cemetery.

First house built by a colored freeman.
Burial place of author of "Home, Sweet Home."
Burial place of James G. Blaine.
German Lutheran Chapel.
Georgetown Convent.
Georgetown College.
New and Old Trinity Catholic Church.
Residence of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, novelist.

Aqueduct Bridge.
Fort Meyer.
Site of new Memorial Bridge.
Former home of the writer of the "Star Spangled Banner."
Gen. James Kearney's former residence.

Georgetown University Hospital.
Peabody Library.
Old Georgetown Reservoir.
Gen. Grant's headquarters during Civil War.

Dumbarton Avenue M. E. Church.
Houses showing the effect of "Boss" Shepherd's grading of the streets of Washington.

U. S. Weather Bureau.
British Embassy.
Old Chilean Legation.
Webster Statue.
Metropolitan Club.
House built by Commodore Decatur, to which he was brought in dying condition after duel at Bladensburg.

Henry Clay's former home.
Martin Van Buren's home while Secretary of State.
Jackson Statue.
War, State and Navy Building.
White House.

Lafayette Statue and Square.
Lafayette Square Opera House.
House in which would-be assassin struck Mr. Seward.
Former home of Roger B. Taney.

Chief Justice Supreme Court.
Senator Hanna's residence.
Cosmos Club.
Dolly Madison's house.
General McClellan's headquarters.

Century Club.
Captain Wilke's former residence.
Columbia University, Scientific School and Law Department.
French Legation.

Site of John Quincy Adams' home.
Church attended by Presidents Adams, Jackson and Lincoln.

THE NEWS DEALERS.

The Sunday Globe can be found on the news stands of the following well-known news dealers of Washington. Patrons are notified that The Sunday Globe can be purchased at these stands any week day as well as the Sunday of its publication.

Arlington Hotel news stand.
J. Frank Smith, cigar and news stand, 4th and G streets NW.
Alex Lawson, cigars and newsdealer, 1604 7th street NW.
Maryland cigar and news stand, 327 Pennsylvanian avenue, SE.
C. V. Markwood, stationery, news stand, etc., 1322 14th street NW.
Alpha cigar and news stand, 509 F street NW.
A. K. Smith, 503 11th street NW, cigars, news dealer.
D. H. Evans, 1740 14th street NW, cigars, news dealer.
Mrs. H. S. Godshalk, 1006 Penn. ave. NW, cigars, tobacco, news stand.
C. J. Gibbert, 1710½ Penn. ave. NW, news stand, cigars, tobacco.
Howard House news stand, Penn. ave.

O'Donnell, drugs and news stand, 306 Penn. ave. SE.
J. W. Lazarus, news dealer, Del ave. and C street, NE.

J. W. Swan, news stand and boot black parlor, 7th and Florida ave. NW.
J. H. Casler & Bro., 221 Indiana ave. NW, cigar and news dealer.
Hoover's news stand, 700 9th street NW, T. B. Crow, manager.

Joe Wood, 820 9th street NW, cigars, news dealer.
Fred A. Schmidt, 1722 Penn. ave. NW, cigars, news stand.

E. J. Erwin, 2306 14th street NW, news dealer.
E. R. Morcoe, 421 12th street NW, cigars, tobacco, newspapers, stationery.

T. Frank Kevill, 908 F street NW, cigars, newspapers, magazines.
J. H. Whitehand, 305 7th street NW, cigars, newspapers, periodicals.

Edw. Bartholme, 2014 7th street NW, news stand, stationery, periodicals.
R. Wallace, 920 8th street NW, newspapers, magazines.

J. W. Elms, 235-8 H street NW, cigars, confectionary and news dealer.
Belvedere Hotel news stand.
National Hotel news stand.

Pension Office cigar and news stand, 445 G street NW, Julius Backenheimer manager.
J. O. Weisner, 919 H street NE, books, periodicals and newspapers.

The Owl News Depot.
George W. Schondelmier, 403 8th street SE, cigars, tobacco and news dealer.
W. E. Wilkens, 645 H street NE, cigar, pool and news room.

L. J. Ballinger, 5th and C streets NE, feed store and news stand.
L. F. Litz, 1403 H street NE, news depot.

A. Murphy, 49 H street NE, news depot.
W. J. Reilly, 735 N. C. Capitol street, news stand.

J. J. Fuller, 60 H street NW, cigars, news dealer.
J. D. Hauptman, 1904 Penn. ave. NW, cigars, news dealer.

L. Holst, 1910 Penn. ave. NW, cigars, news dealer.
W. Bootman, 200 7th street SW, cigars, news dealer.

Bolden Bros., 709 8th street SE, cigars, pool room and news stand.
R. E. Miller, 527 8th street SE, cigar and news dealer.

Mrs. Patchell, 1268 4½ street SW, cigars, notions, news dealer.
J. Abbott, 322½ 4½ street SW, cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

Ed. Brinkman, Penn. ave. and 4th street NW, cigars, tobacco, news dealer.
Walter Kines, Mass. ave. & 4th street NE, cigar and news dealer.